

Library

# The EPAULET

VOL. VI

MAY, 1947

NO. 4





*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of  
Expressing Them Make Literature*

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# To N. L. S. Diary

By  
ROSEMARY MILLER

September 13.—

It is autumn. The weather is dry and we are being cheated out of the riot of color we had expected. However, the dead leaves envelop the earth, and the children shuffle through them on their way to and from school.

I watch at my window, expectantly, shyly, until I see you. At last you come. I see you walking, tall and straight, in front of my dwelling. You lift your hand in greeting and pass on. I watch you, until you are out of sight, and then I retain the image of you in my heart, long after you are gone.

September 15.—

I saw you again this morning. I was in my yard, but you did not see me. Where you were going, I know not, I only know I saw you, and my heart leapt as I realized it was you. I opened my mouth to call to you, and closed it again, silent. I let you walk on, and it was cold, and your breath was steam from your mouth in the cold of the atmosphere.

September 20.—

I cannot sit alone but that my thoughts stray to you. How I wish for your quick step. I gaze from my window, hoping, for no reason. I have not seen you all day, and my heart longs.

September 24.—

I thought of you often today. I

met you in a much frequented place. The wind blew, and I was cold, but I stopped to talk with you any way. You were very kind. If only I could think that you entertained more than a passing thought for me! I was so happy that brief moment, because of you.

October 1.—

I am out of town for a few days, and I leave you behind me. I have nothing but the secret rooms of my imagination to keep you with me. But there I find you, and I see you where ever I go. I feel your presence while I listen to music.

But my imagination has contorted you. I have given you traits which you do not have, words you have not spoken and thoughts you never have known. I have painted you luridly, my mind has lost the clear-cut print of your face, and I can recall you only in fragmentary pictures.

October 5.—

Home again! I have missed you, but I am rewarded, for you have promised me a visit!

You stay not long, but feverishly I tell you of all I did on my holiday. As you leave my heart rejoices as you ask if you may visit me the next day.

October 10.—

Never have I so loved; but for you I could not be really happy, and you are welcome to call me your own for without you I had been much more



miserable.

October 15.—

You are wanted. Do you know when you are longed for, wished for? Do you know—does your warm heart pulsate more, or do you feel some how my need for you? I am lonely, depressed, and sad of heart.

Ah, that it might stir you to visit me! Where are you, now that I need you most?

October 17.—

I feel almost ill, and terribly fidgety. I will see you again today—even if only for a few minutes. You are everything, and my happiness lies with you. If only you will take me to your heart and try to find what is troubling me.

October 21.—

I saw so little of you today—today, when I needed you so much. But you were busy, even though somewhat concerned for me. I would tell you, but it was all so small and foolish, that I could not, quite.

November 15.—

It is Friday. The past few days I have wondered about you. It's so awful to feel I'm slipping. Some how I'm afraid you don't think me sincere, and it frightens me. Please don't drift from me—I love all that is you!

December 1.—

What makes a day so weary, dreary, lonely, in and out? A day that's rainy, wet, and dismal, all around about?

When again may I see you? Place my hand in yours? Fall in step with your stride, and become a part of you?

December 17.—

I saw you hardly at all today. You were there, but I did not see you. I walked away sad, in the chill and loneliness of the rain and mist. The walks were damp with the rain and muddled from constant travel along them. And I walked along alone, with the fog and mist reaching into my very soul.

But later, unexpectedly, I found you. My heart leapt, and I came to you, my pleasure unbounded. You looked up, surprised, and we smiled without a word.

When I came away I was happy again. The cold had no chill for me and the rain and the wind beat themselves uselessly.

January 2.—

Now what has happened? You have taken your life to other paths for a time, and I am bereft.

The paths are empty and the naked trees breathe loneliness. The walks are cold and damp, and the sun does not shine. All day my solitude grows in my heart and I look for you, knowing I shall not see you. I look forward with no anticipation to a chance meeting, for you are gone and I am lonely. No door yields to your hand, no floor resounds to your footstep.

The naked willows dip their long fingers into the ground, and bow their heads in grief.

January 10.—

I woke upon another damp and miserable day. I am with many people, but your voice is not among them and my loneliness is heaviness

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# Overture

## A ONE ACT PLAY

By

RUTH PHYLLIS MEYER

SCENE: The shabby one room apartment of Cecily Fraser and Deborah Miles, in New York City. At the back are two windows with faded, dark green draperies reaching to the floor. Between the two windows is a shabby studio couch with three pillows, with a big floor lamp stage right of the couch. Upstage left is a bookcase half-filled with books and newspapers. About center, at stage left is the door to a closet. Beyond that, at extreme downstage left, is a heavy, dark, old fashioned dresser, with two lamps on it. Center stage left is a big overstuffed easy chair, with a small table beside it, on which is an ornate vase. Upstage right, is a two plate burner, over which is a small cupboard. Downstage right is the door to the hallway, framed by very ornate woodwork. Stage right, between the door and cupboard, is an old, secondhand table with two matching chairs. On it, is a small radio, and over it, is a big calendar.

At rise of curtain, Deb enters through the door, dressed in an old raincoat and hat, carrying a paper bag of groceries.

Deb: (opening door) Cecily? Are you home? (She see no one, closes the door, and sags dejectedly against it) I've got to get a job! I've got to! (Straightens up, puts bag on table, walks slowly across to closet)

What am I going to do? (Leans head against closet door) What am I going to do? (Door opens, and Mrs. Hogan enters with two letters in her hand)

Deb: (not turning, says wearily) Is that you Cecily?

Mrs. Hogan: No, dearie, it's just me.

Deb: (turns quickly) Oh! (recovers self and tries to be happy) Mrs. Hogan: How nice! (Walks to easy chair) Won't you sit down?

Mrs. Hogan: (comes further into the room) No, thanks dearie. I just brought your mail up to you. Thought it might be important, you know.

Deb: You shouldn't have done that, Mrs. Hogan. Cecily would have picked it up when she came in.

Mrs. Hogan: (walks over to Deb) No trouble at all, dearie. Heard you go right upstairs without stopping to look in your box—thought it might be important, you know, so I brought it right up. This one for Miss Frazer is from a theatrical agency—yours is from some town out in Illinois.

Deb: (taking letters listlessly) It's probably from Aunt Mattie. (Opens letter slowly)

Mrs. Hogan: Hmph! Don't look like no woman's handwriting to me. (Stands there expectantly)

Deb: (looks up) It's—it's from a



boy I know—back home.

Mrs. Hogan: Hmph! Thought it was from a man—(turns, walks toward door) I know what a woman's handwriting looks like.

Deb: (starts after her) Mrs. Hogan—I'm—expecting a phone call, and—

Mrs. Hogan: I'll let you know when it comes—don't I always?

Deb: Yes—you're very kind to let us use it so much.

Mrs. Hogan: (turns and goes to door) Hmph! Think I was running an acting bureau—(at door) Ain't got a job yet—that it?

Deb: (center stage) Oh, but I will! They said they'd call and let me know—I was one of the finalists—it's a wonderful part, Mrs. Hogan—

Mrs. Hogan: That's what they all say—I been hearing it for fifteen years, and none of 'em ever got that "wonderful part" they are always talking about.

Deb: (goes to door) Oh, Mrs. Hogan! It takes years and years to get a big part—unless you have luck. And they said I was good! I know I'll get the part! I prayed last night that I would—and God wouldn't let me down. He never lets anyone down—no one who really has faith in Him.

Mrs. Hogan: Takes more'n God to get a part on Broadway, dearie. (turns, goes out door) I'll let you know when your call comes—if it comes.

Deb: (at door) Thank you, Mrs.

Hogan. (Closes door, turns and looks at room, then at letters—sighs) If it comes! But it has to come—they said they'd call—they told me I was good—they wouldn't say that if they didn't mean it. (During this speech, she wandered aimlessly up center stage and back to small table by easy chair where she stops) They must have meant it! (Looks at letter in hand) I won't go home; I don't care how many letters Tom writes, I'm not going home. I'm going to be an actress—I'm going to play "Juliet" someday—I'm going to show them that I can act! (Slight pause)

"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy; Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.

What's a Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O! be some other name;

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet;

(Cecily opens door, she sees Deb acting, quietly closes door and stands there watching)

So Romeo would, were he not

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# THE THEATRE

By

SYLVIA LANE SHEAKS

With the evolution and development of drama there came the knowledge that good drama was, and is, a work of art, and that the theatre, the place where it is exhibited, is as much a temple of art as is the Louvre or the Metropolitan Museum.

But far from resting content in the knowledge that it is an art, drama has exerted its power to bring about social reforms, to point the finger of shame at the evils of our society. Thus, the theatre has become more than a question of private culture; it has become a matter of social welfare.

In many European countries, notably France, the theatre has become a state-supported institution, for the government feels that it has a direct and vital bearing on the civilization of the day. They feel that the theatre, together with the schools, churches, newspapers, and libraries, is a powerful social force in the education of a nation.

There are few plays today which do not deal with life in some phase of social interest. They are interested in studying society as an organism, and above all, in seeing justice prevail. The question of racial prejudices is attacked, the rich tycoons berated, and the poor defended. Ideologies, politics, commercial exploitation, business combinations, and those peculiar problems of our society, crime and juvenile delinquency, are all treated from the view-point of reform.

To be representative of the time drama must do more than furnish

amusement through a good story: it must both reflect the time and analyze it, probing it with an inquisitive scrutiny.

But, it may be argued, the melodramas dealing with the darker economic and sociological aspects of our life, such as the crime plays, have been infinitely overworked. Yet it is not a necessity the criticism of life in a stage story be heavy and solemn. The French have shown the world that one can be all the more stimulating because of a light touch.

It is this idea of opening the eyes of humanity to its besetting evils that many of the contemporary playwrights have before them. A glance at the playbills of Broadway theatres shows them immensely successful. *Deep Are The Roots* deals with the racial question, *State of the Union* cries out for political reforms, and *Christopher Blake* presents some of the problems of the divorce court.



## DIARY

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in my heart.

January 15.—

Who are these wretched people? I have only asked about you civilly! Have they no heart? Are they completely without compassion that they speak thus to me?

They are fools whose lives could be warmed by a little care and thought, but who dwell on, miserably. I would die before I would yield myself to such company. I suppose they rejoice in their dungeon and are steeled to suffering. How despicable they make themselves, and for such little reason.

Disgusting fools. Cruel for the sake of being so, or because a smile is out of reach at present. Hearts must fester within who have no good will or smile, or love for even a comrade.

Tombstones are warmer than these, for they commemorate someone's love, while these living hearts convey no human sympathy.

Never shall I walk such paths. If my work is so soul despising, let me drop it and find some way to serve through lighter channels.

January 19.—

It is Sunday. Today I went into a place of worship. From the pipes of the great organ heavenly hosts lifted their voices in praise, and I was brought to my knees to pray. And heavenward I sent a plea just for you, and prostrated my feeble body, and feebler soul, asking to be worthy, first to God, and then to you. In Jesus' Name. Amen.

February 3.—

My vigil will soon be over and I may walk by your side, as you walk, tall and straight, over the familiar paths.

Suddenly today a rain fell, and then the clouds parted, showing the sun through them. A rainbow appeared.

February 6.—

The sun came out and shown brightly, though the trees still let fall drops of water from their branches, and pools of water stayed on the walks and streets. The leaves that had stuck tenaciously to the branches have come down now, lying sodden on all the pavements.

The sun has cheered the weeping earth, and I too am cheered with hope.

March 1.—

This morning is brisk, and cold, and windy. Where you are, I know not, save that I hope for the sight of you so much today. I can scarcely keep still for gazing at the window and listening for your footsteps.

March 5.—

Still I did not see you, and I am lonely and disappointed. I cannot control my troubled spirit, and it seems that I am blinded with helplessness and a kind of desperation.

But suddenly I have heard from other channels that you have returned and my spirits are lifted to uncontrollable heights. I have missed you sorely, but now I throw back my head and lift my hands to the sky in relief and exultation.

March 15.—

I saw you this morning. You

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By  
JUNE ASHTON

As a final gesture to our column for Dance, which had its beginning in the 1946-47 EPAULET, I use as a foundation this excerpt from the March 1947, DANCE OBSERVER: "The Woman's College of the University of North Carolina is now making plans for the 1947 Arts Forum to be held March 20-21-22. The guest leaders in the various arts are Robert Penn Warren, Ernest Bacon, Thomas Munro, and Valerie Bettis. The Dance activities for which approximately two-hundred dance students of other colleges have pre-registered includes a production of "Murder in the Cathedral" and a Student's Choreography Program at which will be shown student work from fifteen schools of the East Coast."

These plans materialized for the Woman's College of North Carolina and for Mary Washington College, for on the morning of March 20, twenty eager dance enthusiasts gathered at the Greyhound terminal. This group included the members of the Concert Dance Club, and the Junior Dance Club, who are now preparing the May Day performance. Due to the financial status of the Club, we had no chartered bus, but

our bold number cleared for us any passenger difficulties. Eight hours hence found us in the Alumnae House on the campus of Woman's College—Mrs. Charles Read's Alma Mater. We were given a warm reception and settled down in North Spencer dormitory (which included the dining hall, incidentally) among the hallowed seniors and delegations from other colleges. Here we enjoyed the upperclassmen privileges of unlimited light curfew and unrestricted dating privileges (nothing gained, however). We enjoyed the friendly and cooperative spirit of the girls at "W. C." and there is no more opportune moment in which to express our appreciation to them for sharing their rooms, beds, places in the breakfast line and above all, their smiles.

We were entertained within the first few hours by the production by the Dance Group and Playlikers of the Woman's College entitled "Murder in the Cathedral." The two mentioned groups collaborated and the results were spectacular. As dancers, we were particularly thrilled by the use of the speaking-dancing combination as a medium of expression and the splendid work with stage levels in the dance sequences.



We thought dancing was a little difficult, but just try speaking with feeling while in movement! Miss Virginia Moomaw chereographed the dances and Kathryn England directed the production. (As a point of special interest, may I comment that they use faculty casts, too.)

Friday was spent in the Weather-spoon Gallery and the Recital Hall of Music where we enjoyed the exhibits and compositions by our colleagues of other colleges not only on the East Coast. The art exhibitions included oil paintings, crayon drawings, ink drawings, etching, engravings and water colors and were extremely significant of the creative mind of college students. Thirty states were represented in this showing and the landscape and environment of these states were well portrayed in the exhibits. The famed Thomas Munro closed the exhibition with a discussion on "Scientific Approaches to Art" whose main thought was that art is closely associated with psychology.

The afternoon brought entertainment from student composers of various colleges, followed by a discussion by Robert Penn Warren. There was a prevalent note of sadness, and melancholy throughout the student compositions, which we found hard to explain. This was in contrast to the simplicity and clarity of Dr. Warren's brilliant interpretation of the poetry of Robert Frost.

Saturday was really our day and we hurried to the Rosenthal Gym. We found 200 dance students in an

array of colorful leotards, representative of their particular school. Fifteen colleges gave fifteen versions of modern dance, including one folk-dance number by Salem College. We were fascinated, and all compositions are to be highly commended. However we thought that William and Mary should be complimented for its movement in "Deep Tides;" Randolph Macon Woman's College for "The Cross on the Left" and Farmville's unique idea in "Behind the Mask." On the lighter side were Coker College's "Tweedledee and Tweedledum;" "Buckingham Palace" by the Woman's College and an arrangement of "Chopsticks" by Winthrop College. Mary Washington performed well the "Ballads in Movement" which included "Aunt Rhody," "Saturday Night," and "On Top of Old Smoky." These were highly complimented and applauded, but received objective criticism as this was a feature of the exhibition. Miss Valerie Bettis of choreographic fame in modern dance schooled eighty of these two-hundred participants in a two hour master lesson after which nourishment and massages were necessities.

Miss Bettis concluded the Forum with her solo concert in the evening. Her performance was magnificent and inspiring and served as a delightful send-off from Greensboro. With the dawn of a new week and a new season, we reluctantly wended our way back to MWC which seemed more like home than ever.



# Cordelia! Cordelia!

By

EMILY F. LYNCH

I am the Earl of Kent. I have come to tell you a story that twists its ugliness into grotesque forms and shapes and springs suddenly from dark places, stinging with the sharp tooth of the bee. I am Kent, sometimes called Caius, a devoted follower of His Majesty, King Lear. My tale is an old one. I recall it most clearly from the moment that I stood in the silent field at the British camp near Dover—the moment when I looked up and saw His Majesty come forth, stumbling under the weight of his precious burden, his daughter, Cordelia.

"This feather stirs; she lives!" he cried as he knelt weeping and sobbing brokenly by her lifeless body. "If it be so," he continued, "It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows, that ever I have felt." He was begging for that chance; a chance to go back to untie with feeble, aching fingers the knots tightened in a taut rope. He was pleading for a chance to smooth the crooked length, to omit treachery and intrigue, to undo thoughtless wrongs and gave misunderstandings—but that is not life, and Cordelia did not breathe, although he thought she did and died himself an instant later, firm in that belief.

I have not come to talk of him, for you all know his story well enough. I have come to speak of her. I have come to weave the threads of tragedy together into a song of woe,

to show you Cordelia as she really was, tender and kind, bound closely by the sensitive cords of youth, but clothed in a woman's apparel. I want you to see the depth and greatness of her soul, the true Cordelia that her father could not see. "We are not the first," she once said, "Who with best meaning, have incurred the worst." Those were the words in which she forgave her father for every error he made and for every wrong he put upon her. What else could show her spirit so well?

However, in order that you may know and understand Cordelia, you must first note and understand some things about her father. A great deal of her obduracy and stubborn pride can be recognized as a reflection of his own conduct. An incident which I recall particularly well, for my words caused my banishment, took place in a public court gathering. The King wished all his daughters to profess the greatness of their love for him. From that moment, I could feel the coming great tragedy. I listened shocked as I heard the startling question and then two of his daughters pledged complete and overwhelming love. I felt the silence in tremendous growth as Cordelia answered him in her turn, "Nothing, my lord."

I had been watching her and I had felt the struggle in her mind as she listened to Goneril and Regal answer. She was floundering hopelessly as she



strove to find the words in which she could truthfully speak to her father and yet not stir his wrath. I made an attempt to stay my King's angry words, but the conceit which was no small thing in him would not hear me. It would not let him see the terrible youngness in her earnest renunciation. He was too quick to seize upon the motives of ingratitude and infidelity.

Cordelia was the youngest and the prettiest of all his daughters. She was not only pretty in her looks but in her manner, which was sweet and sincere, as loathe to hurt as any gentle thing. Her father loved her dearly and showered her with gifts and praise, keeping her ever by his side. With this in mind, I shuddered as I saw those same qualities rise against her. Because she thought so deeply about her answer, she over-exaggerated the situation. She did not feel that she could answer him in a measure of her love, and I remember the cold wave that passed over me as I heard her say,  
 "Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I

Return these duties back as are right fit;

Obeys you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say

They love you all? Haply when I shall wed,

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

[Sure, I shall never marry like my

sisters

To love my father all."

I sensed the panic in her. She did not wish to hurt her father, yet she could not, with her meager experience, divide the nature of her filial love and the love she would one day carry to her husband. I wished that my King would stop a moment in his furious speech and probe, as I had done, into the surge of bewilderment beneath her statement. I wished he could find in it and recognize those same qualities that he had heretofore praised, cherished, and nourished; and, for their presence, excuse her. But instead, he refused her honesty and turned her forth crying, "Hence, and avoid my sight."

Then he called in her suitors, the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy, and told them the whole story, advising them to leave her and depart. Cordelia was hurt. One moment she pouted like a sullen child and I thought she would fly at her father in rage, but the next she turned and spoke to us as if she were endowed with greater age and wisdom than he. By her speech, I thought perhaps she meant to teach her father a lesson, for the undercurrent of her words seemed to cry, "You will regret this." I was alarmed because she failed to petition her father and impress him with her sincerity. She accepted her sentence calmly and agreed to go from the court. I would have seen tears and sweet supplication for his understanding, but her King's own pride was too well put in her to allow that. I felt that he would have listened,

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# Get Out

By

ALFRED MARRA

"All right, men, this is your first qualification jump from a plane in flight. The pilot will make two runs over the field. On the first I will locate your drop zone and on the next, you men will hit the silk. Is everybody happy?"

At last the big day has arrived. Oh, how you have waited for it! At least, you thought you had. The few moments that it takes to buzz the field seem like an eternity. At last the jumpmaster's voice booms forth again.

"We are approaching our drop zone. Is there anyone in the plane who feels that he is unable to make this jump? I don't want anyone freezing in that door. Let's get ready."

He's saying something—but what? Your mind won't function, your muscles seem to have frozen, and the butterflies that have so far just been hovering around in your stomach, now take full possession. Some funny thoughts run through your head during these few seconds. You realize it's been quite a while since you have written home. You could have done it last night instead of going to the PX. Suddenly you are snapped back to reality by the next command.

"Stand up and hook up." You make a feeble effort to rise and you wonder just what is wrong with your legs. They seem to wobble so. "Check equipment," and you feel the Joe

behind you fumbling weakly with your back pack. "Stand in the door."

The line of men shuffles forward, slowly at first, and then it picks up speed. The motion comes to an abrupt halt as the first man pauses in the door. The next thing you know you are moving forward again. You can't understand what force is driving you forward. It seems as if you are caught in a terrific current. There's no stopping now. You wonder how far that door is. Will you ever reach it? Suddenly the man in front of you disappears, and you see looming in front of you a huge patch of clouds. I will not even make an attempt to tell you what happens from the time you leave the door until your chute opens. Personally, I know that during this period there was no functioning of my mind, whatsoever. The terrific shock that occurs when your plunge earthward is halted by the opening of your silk clears your mind.

You're out of that plane and on your way down. You sway majestically and feel as though you owned the earth below. It is that wonderful feeling of having accomplished something. It's not over yet, however. That terra firma below doesn't look too soft. You don't know it at the time, but you are in for a big bang, and I do mean big. These landings are where most of the accidents oc-

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## DIARY

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threw your arms about me and lifted me from the ground before giving me your warmer embrace. For the first time in many moths I am very happy.

March 20.—

I have enjoyed your company so much today. You took my arm and we walked together. I was so proud of your bearing and your gay conversation, your manner, your dignity.

August 24.—

It is our third anniversary. Three months, that is. We have been so happy together. I have been happy having you to take care of me, for you do love me, I know, and I cannot tell you how strongly I return the sentiment. And yet, my heart tells me a shadow lurks, and I am frightened.

September 15.—

The shadow still exists. I wish I could place my finger upon it. Every thing has been bliss, except that a premonition comes to me.

September 20.—

At last the manifestation. I told myself I was foolish and I tried to

crowd it from my mind. But now I must face it.

My grief shakes me and I cannot, I cannot accept it. I cannot think it fair, and it seems I must burn my flesh from me, rather than this. It is right, I know, but I cannot reconcile myself. You have not seen my grief in its most willful demonstrations. You have not seen me scream at these walls, nor heard my weepings.

And so you are called away from your home, and from me. It is right, of course, and I must accept. I must not let you see me unhappy, nor any wild protestations which I find myself willfully desiring to express.

October.—

It is Autumn. I watch at my window as the leaves fall. The willows drop their foliage and once more dip their branches to the ground. I walk the familiar paths alone again. The chill and the loneliness of the mist permeate my soul, and the warmth of our dwelling has nothing to take the chill from my heart.

I watch from the window, and retain the image in my heart, long after you are gone.

## CORDELIA! CORDELIA!

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for when I tried to interpose he stopped me with the words, "Peace, Kent! . . . I loved her most."

The King of France, a wiser man than the King of Britain, accepted Cordelia with her dowery of love and took her back to be his queen. The seeds of catastrophe so thoughtlessly sown, grew and spread. A kingdom was divided and lost, while

a man, who once dwelt in palaces, sought refuge in a hovel on the heath. A monarch who in pride let his youngest daughter leave, humbled by madness welcomed her return and desired only that she forgive him.

I looked down at them as they lay there in the field near Dover and I felt a great mountain of tenderness and pity cast its shadow over me. Why was it that such a great and

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# Four Years of Happiness

By

ANN PEARSON

It is a well-known and well-worn phrase that "college days are the best days of one's life." But out of the thousand of young people who enter college, how many realize this as an actuality? Many freshmen drop out at the end of the first semester, or even before; not because they are unable to master their studies, but simply because they are not able to make a satisfactory adjustment to college life. Why?

The most wide-spread difficulty is getting along with roommates. All of a sudden you find yourself living, not with people who understand you and your little idiosyncrasies, but with a total stranger. You are expected to share not only a room, closet, and bureau, but also your personal life with this person. Unselfishness, self-control, and above all, a sense of humor are needed the first few days. Perhaps two girls are placed in the same room, who at first, do not seem to have the slightest thing in common. One may be from a large city, the other, a farm; one may be a southerner, the other, from New England; one may have an extravagant allowance, while the other may have to work her way through college. But in spite of all these differences, both came to college for the same thing; to learn and also, to have a good time doing it. If both are able to overlook the differences, and not take themselves too

seriously, it should not be too hard to laugh off the little difficulties which inevitably arise.

It is a positive necessity on entering college, to have at least one specific interest; something which will have value in your future and which you will really enjoy studying. In this way, other courses may be chosen in connection with our basic interest, and studies will not seem like drudgery but will become an enjoyable challenge. If a forum or lecture, that is not compulsory, is being offered, take advantage of it.

Take advantage of everything—but do not forget that for everything one takes, something must be given in return. Everyone has something to offer. It may be a special talent; such as being proficient in Art, adept at playing the piano, or being able to entertain people with short stories or humorous essays. If not one of these, remember that everyone has the power to influence people. To use this power to help people to make something just a little better from themselves, provides a great power of satisfaction.

One of the most irritating angles of college life seems to be the restrictions. I think college freshmen, especially, spend about five per cent of every day "griping" because they are not allowed to do this or that. Here is where reasoning enters the

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## OVERTURE

Continued From Page 4

Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he  
owesWithout that title. Romeo, doff thy  
name;And for that name, which is no part  
of thee,

Take all myself."

Cecily: Very touching! Very touch-  
ing, indeed!Deb: Oh, Cecily! I didn't see you  
there!Cecily: (walks toward her) I know  
you didn't. You were too en-  
grossed in playing "Juliet" to  
notice anything. Honestly, Deb,  
when are you going to stop  
being hammy?Deb: "Juliet" isn't being hammy—  
it's one of the most beautiful  
parts ever written. (turns away  
from Cecily, and goes to couch)Cecily: Says who? (walks over to  
closet and opens it) That's the  
trouble with you, Deb, you're  
too idealistic about the stage.Deb: (turns at couch to face Cecily)  
Well, what's wrong with being  
idealistic? Drama—great drama  
—is always beautiful and lyrical  
and—and idealistic.Cecily: (busy hanging up wet coat)  
You'll never get anywhere be-  
ing idealistic, especially over the  
stage. You've got to be hard  
and look out for yourself, and  
never mind the other fellow's  
feelings.Deb: If that's the way I've got to be  
in order to be an actress, I'll  
never be one! Never!

Cecily: Well, you'll never get any

place mooning over "Juliet,"  
that's certain. — You'd better  
get that wet coat off before you  
catch a cold. (closes closet door,  
and stands in front of dresser  
mirror combing her hair.) Any  
luck to-day?Deb: (walks toward closet, stops by  
easy chair) No—there's a letter  
for you though—from a theat-  
rical agency—Cecily: (whirls around) Where?  
Why didn't you tell me?  
(Takes a step towards Deb)  
Give it to me—give it to me  
at once!Deb: Cecily, what's wrong with  
you? Of course I'll give it to  
you—(Holds out letter) I  
didn't hide it.Cecily: (Snatches letter from Deb's  
hand, walks away toward  
table) No telling what you  
might do—you might follow  
my advice one of these days,  
and then where would I be?  
(As she opens letter) It's about  
a part in Clyde French's new  
play—I tried out for it—and  
they're probably telling me I  
got the part. (Reads letter)Deb: (Removing coat and hat, lay-  
ing them over back of easy  
chair) How can you be sure?  
There are thousands of actresses  
who would do anything to ap-  
pear in one of Clyde French's  
plays—and you're only one of  
them. (Turns to mirror to  
comb hair)Cecily: (Leaning against back of  
chair at table, a triumphant  
smile on her face) Yes, my

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## *L'ETINCELLE*

(THE SPARK)

*By*

JUDITH W. STONE

I sit and resurrect at night  
The death-freed soul's unaltered flight.  
Far be it from the stars to tell  
The glory of His citadel—  
For, though their place is closer to the Right  
They are but small reflections of the Light.



## *NIGHT'S LULLABY*

*By*

LOIS BLAKE

Darkness falls softly as a mist on the sea  
Calmly lulling the hustle and bustle of day.  
As the black mantle of night slowly, silently  
Settles over the tired earth  
A myriad of stars  
Steals across the dark velvet plush of heaven,  
And the silvery moon lazily plays hide and seek  
Among the billow-bosomed clouds.  
Soft winds whisper and sigh through the trees,  
Swaying the leaves with a lisping "hush-hush" sound.  
Little birds go twittering and chirping to roost,  
Crickets come forth to tune their fiddles  
While the frogs croak in cadence.  
A whip-poor-will sings his lonely cant  
And far in the distance is heard the hooting of an owl.  
All else is quiet and still.  
So the sounds of night appease the restlessness of day  
Until one by one they become more soft and drowsy  
And fade away,  
Leaving the moon to keep vigil over the slumbering earth.



## OVERTURE

Continued From Page 14

dear, naive, sweet child, but I am the one who will be in it.

Deb: (Turns slowly) You? (Runs across stage to hug Cecily) Oh, Cecily, not really? Oh, I'm so happy for you! What did they say? What part is it? How wonderful! Let me see the letter!

Cecily: (Pushing Deb away) No!—Don't be so childish, Deb. (Crosses to easy chair) You're positively revolting when you act like a country farm girl.—And you want to be an actress. (Laughs)

Deb: (At table) But Cecily—I'm happy for you, that's all. How else should I react? Am I supposed to cry at your good fortune?

Cecily: (Sits) Ah, good grief no! Take it as if you too had expected it. I hate you when you get sentimental and pour out your emotions all over the place. It's sickening!

Deb: (Sits slowly in chair at table, is hurt) I—I didn't know that was how you felt about me.

Cecily: For god's sakes, Deb, grow up! Grow up and live!

Deb: Yes,—they all tell me that, but I am grown up—I have lived—I've lived a different life than most of the girls—Some day I'll be in a wonderful play, one which has a spiritual significance—a really great drama.

Cecily: As Joan of Arc, I suppose.—Thank, God, this play is just another boy meets girl affair!

Deb: Did they tell you which part you'll play?

Cecily: No, but I imagine I will do "Helene"—the lead. It's the only part I tried.

Deb: The lead in a Clyde French play—opening in New York. You'll never have to worry about a job again, Cecily—not after appearing in his play!

Cecily: Yes, I know. That's why I harassed the producer so much. I'm damn tired of walk-ons and bits, and I know I could do it better than Margaret Royal. I told him so, too.

Deb: But she's always the lead in every Clyde French play!

Cecily: (Gets up, goes to dresser) Not any more, my sweet. (Turns to face Deb) I, Cecily Fraser, will open as the lead in the next Clyde French play. (Holds the pose a minute)—Poof! (Snaps fingers) to Margaret Royal!

Deb: I wish I had your nerve—then maybe I'd get a good part, too.

Cecily: (Leaving letter on dresser) If you'd stop dreaming of "Juliet" and follow my example, maybe you would!

Deb: I've always dreamed of playing "Juliet" some day—ever since I was in high school.

Cecily: That's just the trouble with you, you're still in high school! (Walks across room to cupboard) Producers can spot that dewy look of yours a mile away, and it just doesn't suit the type of play that's being put on today. They want some one more

Continued On Page 20



# Hands And The Failure

By

SANDRA MILLIKEN

Paris bustled beneath the window. He sat on the edge of the bed looking at his hands. Powerful fingers lay on his lap. Swelled veins flowed freely through them and lines burned deep into the palms. He turned them over, appraising them, watching white skin stretch over the massive knuckles. They clawed the air, tightening and relaxing and tightening again. They gestured, then fell lifeless at his side. Across his face a serene smile raced. Then as his interest died, his eyes wandered about the room, past the sink in the corner overflowing with bottles and paint, past the wastrel cat that was stretching itself with its back, past the canvases piled on the floor like stacks of wood and finally rested upon the painting propped up conspicuously against a packing box. It shone dimly in the stray beams of sunlight that almost lost themselves in the dust on the skylight. His chest swelled with pride and satisfaction brushed his face.

He thought, "No longer am I a machine that reflects things commonplace things." He let the artist surge within himself. "No longer will they scoff me and jestingly call me the poor genius. I will throw away this life"—and he looked around the cheap little flat—"away as a scrap of paper to the wind. I will show them these hands . . . the hands of an artist. A new start . . . a new life."

He mused for awhile . . . "No, it won't be easy." He strode over to the painting, running his sensitive fingers over its cool rough surface, touching it caressingly, "And here is my Start," he thought.

Then suddenly he laughed sarcastically, a harsh laugh that pierced the silence of the room and subdued the traffic below. Then a taxi honked. He reached for the half empty bottle that stood on the foot of the bed, strained his body forward, then fell into a deep brooding mood. Time flowed unevenly.

Suddenly he was aware of a storm of sharp authoritative knocks on the door. He did not know how long someone had been there.

"Yes?" he said distractively, muffled. Then as the knocks continued beating into his head, he shouted, "Come in!"

She stood into the doorway, her haughty figure framing the darkness coming from the baldly-lit hall. He recognized her instantly; it was Mme. Periot. All Paris knew and hated her. She looked like a stuffed parrot, stuffed with well living. She bulged from her fur coat and overflowed into the room. Her pudgy hands, studded with massive rings, hung from her sleeves like fat white mushrooms. He stared at her, then turned away quickly. She was disgusting.

"Jacques Guequierre?"

"Oui, Mme."



She looked up at the bulky man standing in front of her. He could not have been more than thirty-five, but he looked as tho he had lived a long time.

A certain picture of yours has been recommended to me by my house-keeper . . . impressionistic, I believe . . . a peculiar shade of Prussian blue dominating . . . the name . . . here." She pulled out a slip of pink paper from her handbag, "Enfants Perdus."

His eyes again returned to the painting in the middle of the floor and her glance followed his.

"Voilla, Mme. There is my picture," and he laughed sharply.

She promenaded over to it. Silence fell in great folds as she coldly dissected and scrutinized it in a swift Baconian method. Only the drops falling from a long jagged leak were heard, ringing into a dishpan, one by one.

Then finally she said, "Yes, it is the picture I have been hunting for. Yes, this mood will fit the room and the coloring will match the drapes to perfection. I will give you five hundred francs.

He stared at her as if she were an idiot. He choked. He sputtered.

"But, but this is art. Art is not to match wall paper with. Art is the noblest product of the human spirit."

"Very well, six hundred francs,"

and as she watched his still indignant stare, she blurted, "My good man, certainly I am not buying a Renoir. I am putting money into your hands. What is there to care about after the picture is sold and it is mine?"

"Yes, yes!" he said, but he acted as though he didn't hear her. He laughed again, sardonically, then sadly. He went to the window, then gazed upward into the light with squinting eyes and creased brow as he muttered to himself.

"Six hundred francs means much in a life such as this," he thought of the tides of people, caught like himself in the wave of want and depression. His hands cut the air sharply. "I will buy new canvas, new paints, new materials, start over again. Here his hand clasped an imaginary brush. "I will buy new strength . . . But my painting . . . my painting," and his hands writhed in anguish.

Into the silent palms a few crumpled notes were slipped. He did not notice them. He stared into space. Sometimes his eyes were moody, sometimes they seemed dead. He did not move until the woman had departed, leaving the door open into the dark hallway. He sat on the edge of the bed looking at his hands, turning the over, one by one. Then as the footsteps ceased, he buried his face in the hands. And he wept, but no one heard him.

### CORDELIA! CORDELIA

Continued From Page 12

earnest devotion should have destroyed so much? I turned and walked away in the dusk and as I walked I heard a low murmuring voice

whisper,

"Cordelia, Cordelia! Stay a little. Ha! What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft

Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."



# Epaulet Vignettes

## ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND

By  
JANE KIRSCHNER

What can I say to you, whom I have loved and known too well? The hour is drawing near—and this is trite, I know, but true—when our various paths again seek diverse ways.

But we have parted before the ship has come.

I have not given as I should. Too much and too little, too many wrong things where there could have been right, too much speaking when it was only understanding we wanted . . . and you have grown not to trust me or yourself. It was too dear to us, this thing, for what we had, and too near for us to make it what it could be.

But if I have failed, then we have failed, too. For it is not the one who makes the friendship, but the Friends, and the loss to the one is the loss to the other.

And still I speak too much of that which is not found in Words.

Good bye. Remember then, when you lean back against the cold wall and look out on the gentle rain as I am doing now, we have not lost so much as it would seem. We held the strength and peace of man. We held what all men need and that comradeship has given more than we gave. Two wanderers in Time, come and gone. We have found what we have sought.

Good bye.

## SEASHORE AT NIGHT

By  
ELAINE HENSON

The world is still—a vast cathedral with a dome of stars against an ebony sky as the wind whispers its rosary. The waves tell their secrets to the gleaming, moonlit shore in soft slappings. And there is my loneliness.

The sand is cool. I dig my toes into it remembering how it burned as we raced to the water, laughing—in love. The sun smiled down on us that day, smiled and laughed at our foolishness in believing this would last. How wise is the sun!

The sea is black. Black, depthless, wearing a silver mantle where it clutches the helpless moonbeams to its merciless breast. The sea is cruel. Oh, God! How I hate this monster that holds my beloved! A parting kiss—a few tears—a ship bound for war—a storm—and more tears, scalding, flooding, aching tears.

The repentant waves caress my feet now. They are trying to tell me of their remorse. But I know them. They are deceitful, sent by their relentless mother to lure still another to her lethal sepulchre. And I shall go. She calls me and thinks I hear, but it is the voice of my beloved that I answer . . . . .



## OVERTURE

Continued From Page 16

worldly and sophisticated.  
(Opens cupboard, busy getting cups out)

Deb: Like you, I suppose.

Cecily: Yes—like me. Like all of the good actresses on Broadway.—Want some coffee?

Deb: (Getting up) No,—I'm not very hungry. (Walking across to easy chair, fiddles with coat)  
I don't feel like eating tonight.

Cecily: Look, Deb, you've got to eat something—you're getting too thin. Actresses don't need to starve themselves, you know.

Deb: Who said I was an actress? I haven't done much acting since I came to New York, have I?

Cecily: What do you expect in seven months? A couple of leads?

Deb: No—

Cecily: I've been here more than a year, and I haven't had a lead yet.

Deb: You've got one now, though.

Cecily: Yes—I've got one now, but it took me a long time to get it. Just keep on trying, and you'll hit the top some day. Leads don't grow on trees, you know; they're not yours for the picking—you're the one that has to be picked.

Deb: I know.—They're going to call me tonight if I get the part.

Cecily: What part? What are you talking about?

Deb: "The Story of Ruth"—I was one of the finalists. (Thrilled)  
Just the kind I'd like to be in.  
Oh, Cecily, it's a beautiful play!

Cecily: (Quiet tone) Yes,—I know.

It's your type of play—beautiful and spiritual, and—

Deb: It's got so much to it—it makes you really think about life.

Cecily: (Turning back to stove)  
Yes—it does.

Deb: (Picking up coat, going to closet) Cecily—I got a letter from Tom today. He wants me to come home and marry him.

Cecily: (Turns) Deb, why don't you? You weren't cut out to be an actress; you weren't made for heartaches and hard work, and walk-up apartments. You belong back in Illinois—with a man like Tom.

Deb: (Closet door open) No, I belong here. I'm going to show them all that I can act. I'm going to show them that even a girl with that "dewy look" can be a good actress!—Cecily, you ought to be more careful with your clothes.

Cecily: Why? What's the matter?

Deb: You put your wet coat right next to your good dresses. They're soaked. (Takes out coat, shakes it, book falls from pocket—while Cecily says her next speech)

Cecily: Oh, well, it doesn't make any difference now. I'll be getting new clothes, lots of them. I wonder how it feels to own a whole closet full of beautiful dresses, Deb?

(Silence)

(She turns) Deb, why—

Deb (Holding book) "The Story of Ruth"—where did you get it Cecily?

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# BOOK REVIEW

By

ELIZABETH KESSLER

Jones, Howard Mumford, *Education And World Tragedy*, Cambridge Harvard University Press, 1946. 178 p.

Howard Mumford Jones professor of English at Harvard University, is outspoken in his denunciation of the present educational system. He asserts that progressive educators and advanced thinkers have long been aware of the need for reform and modernization of our higher educational program.

He also says that with the advancement of science and education, wars have become more destructive. It is not the fact that education is widespread that is responsible for this, but rather the type of education our population is receiving. Popularization of military schools, and the turning over of liberal arts schools to the government in time of war are not conducive of peaceful pursuits.

Professor Jones criticizes the extreme specialization in technological schools, teacher-training institutions, and even in so-called liberal arts colleges. He says, it is not enough that a scientific research worker or a teacher confine his studies to a specific narrow field even though the present trend seems to be more and more in that direction. He points out that

especially in graduate schools where the instructors are older, more conservative, and more adherent to the traditions of a past age, and states further that their principles of education are not at all applicable to present day needs.

Dr. Jones says that the trouble with programs of education is "they are not built for a time but are always built for eternity." Not feeling capable of or wishing to found another such program, he suggests one to tide us over the next few decades. It is to include professional or vocational training for all, study of scientific theories, workings of representative government, Russia, the Orient and personal relationships in modern society.

His principles are in accord with most of those advocated by other reformers in the educational field such as Alice Miel in *Changing the Curriculum*, John A. Sexon in *The New American College* and J. Hillis Miller in *The Role of Higher Education in War and After*. The statistics quoted are from reliable sources and his style of writing is forceful, yet the author makes no attempt to impose his personal opinions on the reader. Undoubtedly the books influence on educators will be beneficial.



## OVERTURE

Continued From Page 20

Cecily: They—they gave it to me.

Deb: (Walks slowly to chair) They? The ones who said they'd call me today?

Cecily: Yes—the same ones.—Oh, Deb, I'm sorry. I didn't want to tell you. That's why I made up the other story—the one about Clyde French's play?

Deb: (Sitting) You—don't have the lead?

Cecily: (Laughs) Don't you know? Margaret Royal always gets the lead in a Clyde French play. I was going to be the maid—with about two lines to say. I'm sick of playing maids—I want a lead—I'm good enough for a lead, and I deserve one. I tried out for "Ruth," you never knew I did—and today I went back to see them.

Deb: They—gave it to you. They won't be calling me, then, will they? I guess it was too much to hope for—a beautiful part in a beautiful play.

Cecily: Cut out the emotions, Deb—it isn't becoming. I told you that in this game you have to look out for yourself, and forget the other fellow's feelings. It's the only way to win.

Deb: You've won, haven't you? You have looked out for yourself, for Cecily Fraser, and you don't care what happens to me as long as you get a lead.

Cecily: That's the way it is, Deb.

Deb: I never thought you'd do this to a friend. I thought you wanted me to get a good part,

too. But I was wrong—terribly wrong. I should have followed your advice, shouldn't have held to my ideals. I should have been hard and ruthless like you.

Cecily: Deb, I'm not interested—

Deb: (Crying) No, you're not interested in me—you're only interested in Cecily Fraser—Cecily Fraser, the great actress.

Cecily: Don't be so dramatic! A play isn't that important. You'll get plenty of chances. It doesn't make any difference what kind of play it is—if you're good, they'll notice you.

Deb: It makes a lot of difference to me. And this play is too great for someone like you—for someone without any feeling—for someone without a heart!

Cecily: I can act, can't I? That's all any play needs.

Deb: No—a play needs more than acting, but you wouldn't know. How could you? — (Throws book to floor) Take it and please leave me alone for awhile.

Cecily: (Picking book up) You really amaze me, Deb. I didn't know you had it in you. I thought you were the sweet, placid type, and here you are—the great dramatic actress.

Deb: (Takes step toward her) Get out! Please get out of here!

Cecily: Alright, I'll go. Maybe when I come back, you could help me with my lines. Since you really feel this part, you could give me some valuable pointers.

Deb: I wouldn't help you if you crawled on your knees to me.

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## OVERTURE

Continued From Page 22

Cecily: No, I don't imagine you would. (Over by door) But remember, Deb, I have the part—and I can act. This play is just the beginning—just the overture—of my career. They'll be a lot more plays starring Cecily Fraser, a lot of them. And you'll know how I got them. Remember that, and try my way sometime. It's the only way to get any where on the stage. (Leaves)

Deb: (Breaks down crying, falls into chair)

I'll never be like her—never. I'll use my own way. "Ideals are like stars you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and following them you will reach your destiny."

CURTAIN — SLOW

## GET OUT

Continued From Page 11

cur. The first thought to run through your mind is how easy the whole thing was.

The actual work is just beginning. Get out of that chute. Stay low to the ground and assemble that weapon. Now roll that silk up, get out that entrenching tool, and bury your chute. The first thing they tell you when you join the troops is this: "The only difference between you and a Doggie is that you ride to work."

## FOUR YEARS OF HAPPINESS

Continued From Page 13

picture. After all, if one is mature enough to be in college, one should be mature enough to see the basis for all the rules and restrictions made for the good of the student body.

Above all, if an attempt is made toward a happy, cheerful outlook, college life should pass very quickly; the only thing remaining will be a memory. Why should it not be a lovely one?





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